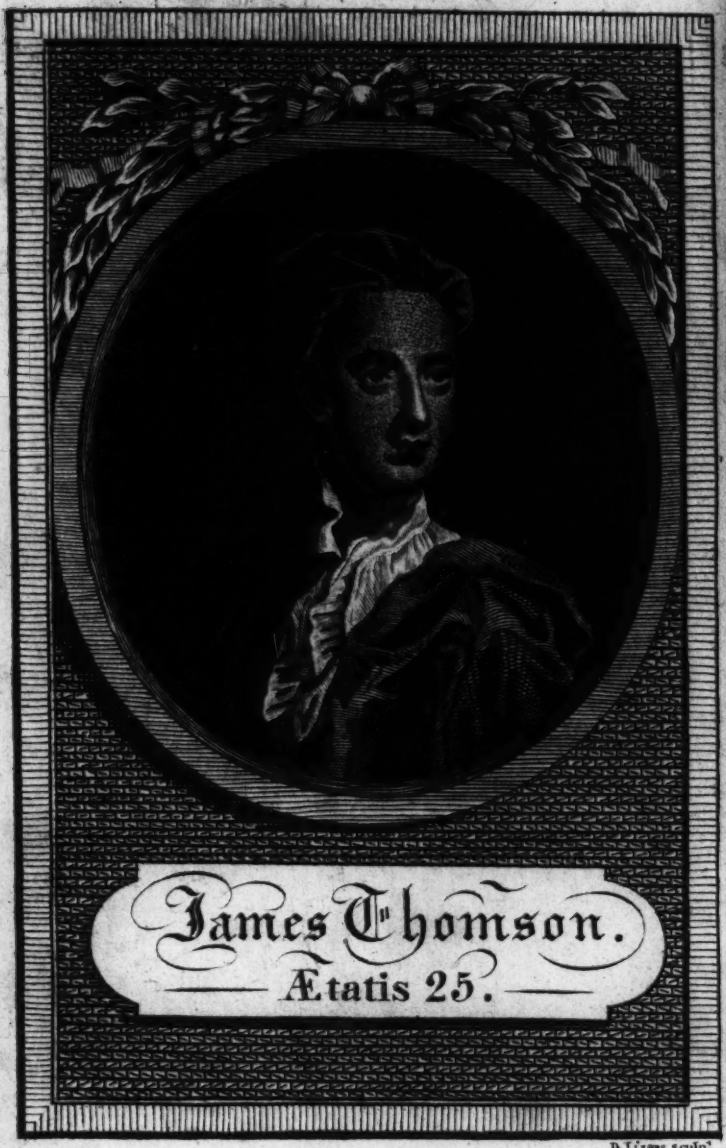
# *Morison's Edition*

## of Thomson's Seasons.

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Printed for R. Morison and Son Perth October 1790.

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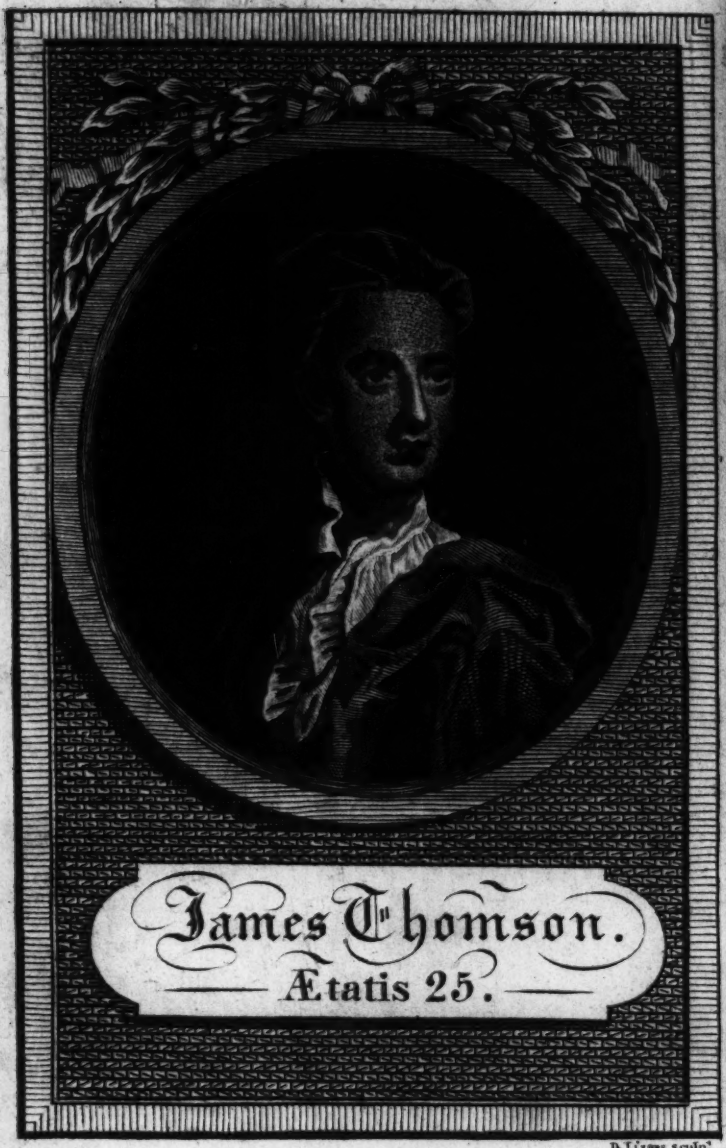


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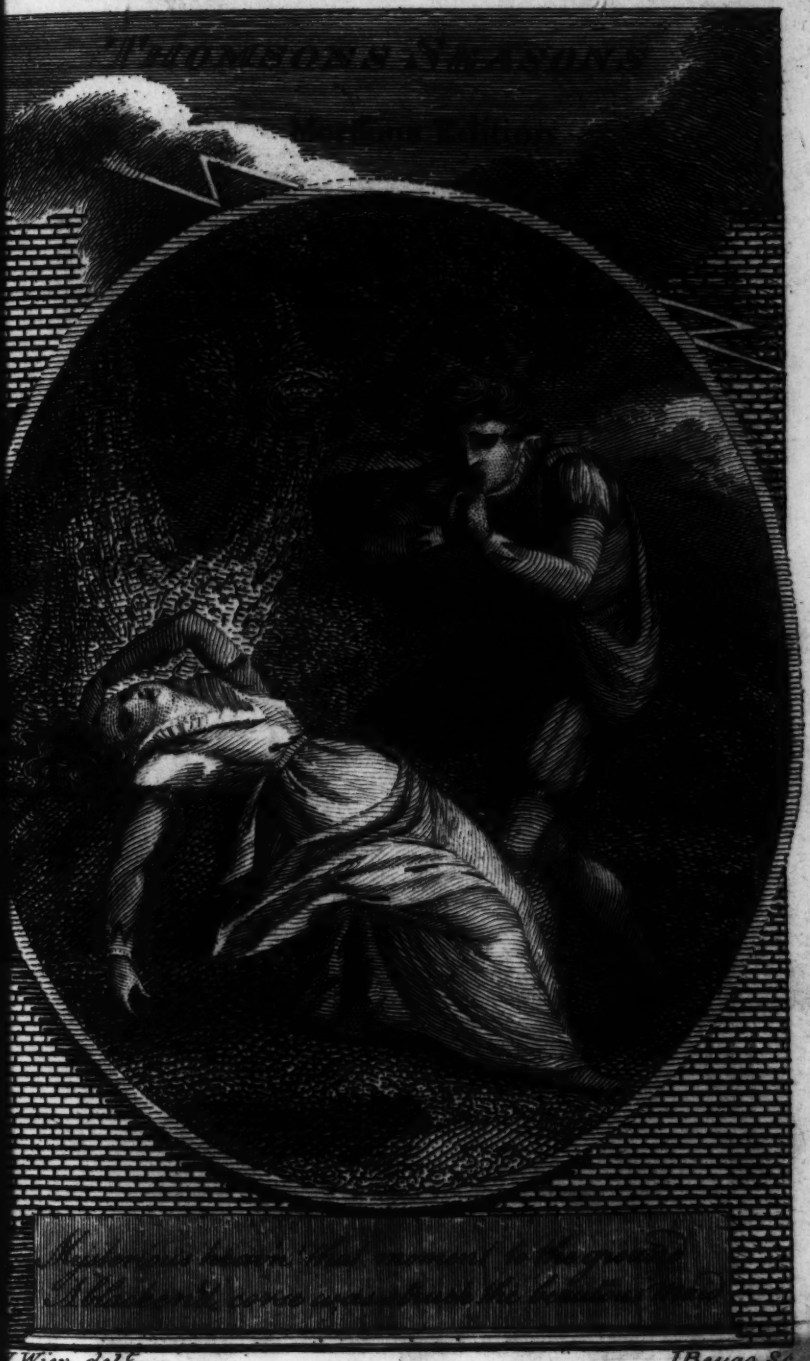


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THE

# SEASONS.

BY

# JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

*WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,*

AND ELEGANT COPPERPLATES.

VOL. I.

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PERTH:

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## *THE LIFE OF*

# JAMES THOMSON.

IT is commonly ſaid that the life of a good writer is beſt read in his works, which can ſcarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits: the diſtinguiſhing character of his mind, his ruling paſſion, at leaſt, will there appear undiſguiſed. But however juſt this obſervation may be, and although we might ſafely reſt Mr Thomſon's fame as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this ſole footing, yet the deſire which the public always ſhews of being more particularly acquainted with the hiſtory of an eminent author ought not to be diſappointed, as it proceeds not from mere curioſity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to thoſe by whom they have been entertained and inſtructed.

To give ſome account of a deceaſed friend is often a piece of juſtice, likewiſe, which ought not to be refuſed to his memory, to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are ſo apt to collect and propagate: and we may add, that the circumſtances of an author's life will ſometimes throw the beſt light upon his writings, inſtances whereof we ſhall meet with in the following pages.

Mr Thomſon was born at Ednam, in the ſhire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, miniſter of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-preſbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, but highly re-

ſpected by them for his piety and his diligence in the paſtoral duty, as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The reverend Meſſrs Riccarton and Guſthart particularly, took a moſt affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taſte, had very early diſcovered, through the rudeneſs of young Thomſon's puerile eſſays, a fund of genius well deſerving culture and encouragement: he undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his ſtudies, furniſhed him with the proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleaſure of ſeeing his labour ſo happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr Guſthart, who is ſtill living*, one of the miniſters of Edinburgh, and ſenior of the Chapel-Royal, was no leſs ſerviceable to Mrs Thomſon in the management of her little affairs, which, after the deceaſe of her huſband, burdened as ſhe was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counſels and aſſiſtance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet likewiſe, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young Poet, and uſed to invite him to paſs the ſummer vacation at his country-ſeat, a ſcene of life which Mr Thomſon always remembered with particular pleaſure: but what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr Riccarton, or for his

* This life was firſt publiſhed in the year 1762.

his own amuſement, he deſtroyed every new-year's day, committing his little pieces to the flames in their due order, and crowning the ſolemnity with a copy of verſes, in which were humourouſly recited the ſeveral grounds of their condemnation.

After the uſual courſe of ſchool education, under an able maſter at Jedburgh, Mr Thomſon was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh: but in the ſecond year of his admiſſion, his ſtudies were for ſome time interrupted by the death of his father, who was carried off ſo ſuddenly, that it was not poſſible for Mr Thomſon, with all the diligence he could uſe, to receive his laſt bleſſing. This affected him to an uncommon degree, and his relations ſtill remember ſome extraordinary inſtances of his grief and filial duty on that occaſion.

Mrs Thomſon, whoſe maiden name was Hume, and who was co-heireſs of a ſmall eſtate in the country, did not ſink under this misfortune. She conſulted her friend Mr Guſthart, and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to Edinburgh, where ſhe lived in a frugal decent manner, till her favourite ſon had not only finiſhed his academical courſe, but was even diſtinguiſhed and patronized as a man of genius. She was, herſelf, a perſon of uncommon natural endowments, poſſeſſed of every ſocial and domeſtic virtue, with an imagination for vivacity and warmth ſcarce inferior to her ſon's, and which raiſed her devotional exerciſes to a pitch bordering on enthuſiaſm.

But whatever advantage Mr Thomſon might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the Sacred Writings contributed greatly to that ſublime by which his works will be for ever diſtinguiſhed. In his firſt pieces, the Seaſons, we ſee him at once aſſume the majeſtic freedom of an Eaſtern writer, ſeizing the grand images as they riſe, clothing them in his own expreſſive language, and preſerving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity, which belong to a juſt compoſition, unhurt by the ſtiffneſs of formal method.

About this time the ſtudy of poetry was become general in Scotland, the beſt Engliſh authors being univerſally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addiſon had lately diſplayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work, and his Remarks on it, together with Mr Pope's celebrated Eſſay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the beſt poets and critics.

But the moſt learned critic is not always the beſt judge of poetry, taſte being a gift of Nature, the want of which Ariſtotle and Boſſu cannot ſupply, nor even the ſtudy of the beſt originals, when the reader's faculties are not turned in a certain conſonance to thoſe of the poet; and this happened to be the caſe with certain learned gentlemen into whoſe hands a few of Mr Thomſon's firſt eſſays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of ſtyle, and thoſe luxuriancies which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and cenſure; ſo far, indeed, they might be competent judges, but the

the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment, especially as he had some friends, on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances: only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards London, where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr Hamilton, a gentleman universally respected and beloved, and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our Author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required, but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr Thomſon to underſtand, that his expectations from the ſtudy of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was: ſo that having, ſoon after, received ſome encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in London, he quickly prepared himſelf for his journey: and although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it ſerved, for the preſent, as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himſelf to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronized, and with the ſlender ſtock of money he was then poſſeſſed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr Forbes, afterwards Lord Preſident of the Seſſion, then attending the ſervice of Parliament, having ſeen a ſpecimen of Mr Thomſon's Poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to ſome of his friends, particularly to Mr Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoiſſeur in painting, was become a profeſſed painter; and his taſte being no leſs juſt and delicate in the kindred art of deſcriptive poetry than in his own, no wonder that he ſoon conceived a friendſhip for our Author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr Thomſon was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verſes which he wrote on that occaſion.

In the mean time our Author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to riſque the publication of his Winter; in which, as he himſelf was

a mere

a mere novice in ſuch matters, he was kindly aſſiſted by Mr Mallet, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montroſe, and his brother the Lord George Graham, ſo well known afterwards as an able and gallant ſea-officer. To Mr Mallet he likewiſe owed his firſt acquaintance with ſeveral of the wits of that time, an exact information of their characters, perſonal and poetical, and how they ſtood affected to each other.

The poem of Winter, publiſhed in March 1726, was no ſooner read than univerſally admired, thoſe only excepted who had not been uſed to feel or to look for any thing in poetry beyond a point or ſatirical or epigrammatic wit, a ſmart antitheſis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the ſoftneſs of an elegiac complaint. To ſuch his manly claſſical ſpirit could not readily recommend itſelf, till, after a more attentive peruſal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taſte. A few others ſtood aloof, merely becauſe they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and reſigned themſelves to an abſolute deſpair of ever ſeeing any thing new and original. Theſe were ſomewhat mortified to find their notions diſturbed by the appearance of a Poet, who ſeemed to owe nothing but to Nature and his own genius: but, in a ſhort time, the applauſe became unanimous, every one wondering how ſo many pictures, and pictures ſo familiar, ſhould have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his deſcriptions. His digreſſions, too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart,

charmed

charmed the reader no leſs, leaving him in doubt whether he ſhould more admire the Poet or love the Man.

From that time Mr Thomſon's acquaintance was courted by all men of taſte, and ſeveral ladies of high rank and diſtinction became his declared patroneſſes; the Counteſs of Hertford, Miſs Drelincourt, afterwards Viſcounteſs Primroſe, Mrs Stanley, and others. But the chief happineſs which his Winter procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr Rundle, afterwards Lord Biſhop of Derry, who, upon converſing with Mr Thomſon, and finding in him qualities greater ſtill, and of more value, than thoſe of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendſhip, promoted his character every where, introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and, ſome years after, when the eldeſt ſon of that nobleman was to make his tour of travelling, recommended Mr Thomſon as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expreſſed in his poem to the Memory of Lord Talbot. The true cauſe of that undeſerved treatment has been ſecreted from the public, as well as the dark manœuvres that were employed; but Mr Thomſon, who had acceſs to the beſt information, places it to the account of

——Slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth.——

Mean while our Poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finiſh the plan which

their

their wiſhes laid out for him; and the expectations which his Winter had raiſed were fully ſatisfied by the ſucceſſive publication of the other Seaſons; of Summer in the year 1727, of Spring in the beginning of the following year, and of Autumn in a quarto edition of his works printed in 1730.

In that edition the Seaſons are placed in their natural order, and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful ſucceſſion, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power and goodneſs. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all Nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in ſilent adoration and praiſe*.

Beſides

* Excellent as the works of Mr Thomſon are, it is remarkable that there has not been any conſiderable criticiſm on his merits and character; and therefore we will take the liberty of tranſcribing, pretty largely, from an ingenious and elegant writer (*Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope*), who is the only one we know of that has ſpoken particularly to them; "It would be unpardonable," ſays he, "to conclude theſe Remarks on deſcriptive poetry, without taking notice of the SEASONS of Thomſon, who had peculiar and powerful talents for his ſpecies of compoſition. Thomſon was bleſſed with a ſtrong and copious fancy; he hath enriched poetry with a variety of new and original images which he painted from Nature itſelf, and from his own actual obſervations: his deſcriptions have, therefore, a diſtinctneſs and truth which are utterly wanting to thoſe of poets who have only copied from each other, and have "never

Besides these, and his tragedy of Sophonisba, written and acted with applause in the year 1729, Mr Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased, containing

" never looked abroad on the objects themselves. Thomson " was accustomed to wander away into the country for days " and for weeks, attentive to each rural sight, each rural " sound; while many a poet, who has dwelt for years in the " Strand, has attempted to describe fields and rivers, and " generally succeeded accordingly. Hence that nauseous re- " petition of the same circumstances; hence that disgusting " impropriety of introducing what may be called a set of he- " reditary images, without proper regard to the age, or cli- " mate, or occasion, in which they were formerly used. " Though the diction of the SEASONS is sometimes harsh " and inharmonious, and sometimes turgid and obscure; and " though, in many instances, the numbers are not sufficient- " ly diversified by different pauses, yet is this Poem on the " whole, from the numberless strokes of Nature in which it " abounds, one of the most captivating and amusing in our " language; and which, as its beauties are not of a sagaci- " ous kind, as depending on particular customs, and man- " ners, will ever be perused with delight. The scenes of " Thomson are frequently as wild and romantic as those " of Salvator Rosa, pleasing varied with precipices, and " torrents, and castled cliffs, and deep vallies, with piny " mountains, and the gloomiest caverns. Innumerable are " the little circumstances in his descriptions, totally unob- " served by all his predecessors. What poet hath ever ta- " ken notice of the leaf, that towards the end of the autumn,

" Incessant

containing a deſerved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief diſcoveries; ſublimely poetical, and yet ſo juſt, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the

" Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove,
" Oft' ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
" And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air?

" Or who, in ſpeaking of a ſummer evening, hath ever mentioned,

" The quail that clamours for his running mate?

" Or the following natural image, at the ſame time of the year?

" Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
" A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
" Amuſive floats.

" Where do we find the ſilence and expectation that precedes an April ſhower inſiſted on, as in ver. 165. of Spring? or where

" The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard
" By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
" Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.

" How full, particular, and pictureſque, is this aſſemblage of circumſtances that attend a very keen froſt in a night of winter!

" Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
" A double noiſe; while at his evening watch
" The village dog deters the nightly thief:
" The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
" Swells in the breeze; and with the haſty tread

" Of

the text of his Philoſophical Dialogues, *Il Neutonianiſmo per le dame:* this was in part owing to the aſſiſtance he had of his friend Mr Gray, a gentleman well verſed in the Newtonian philoſophy, who, on that occaſion,

" Of traveller, the hollow ſounding plain
" Shakes from afar.

" In no one ſubject are common poets more confuſed and " unmeaning, than in their deſcription of rivers, which are " generally ſaid only to wind and to murmur, while their " qualities and courſes are ſeldom accurately marked: exa- " mine the exactneſs of the enſuing deſcription, and conſi- " der what a perfect idea it communicates to the mind:

" Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
" The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
" Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
" Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
" Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
" A various group the herds and flocks compoſe,
" Rural confuſion!

" A group worthy the pencil of Giacomo de Baſſano, and " ſo minutely delineated, that he might have worked from " this ſketch;

" on the graſſy bank
" Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
" Half in the flood, and, often bending, ſip
" The circling ſurface.

" He adds, that the ox, in the middle of them,

" from his ſides
" The troublous inſects laſhes, to his ſides
" Returning ſtill.

" A natural

ccaſion, gave him a very exact, though general, abract of its principles.

That ſame year the reſentment of our merchants or the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America running very high, Mr Thomſon zealouſly

b took

" A natural circumſtance, that, to the beſt of my remembrance, hath eſcaped even the natural Theocritus. Nor do I recollect that any poet hath been ſtruck with the murmurs of the numberleſs inſects that ſwarm abroad at the noon of a ſummer's day; as attendants of the evening, indeed, they have been mentioned:

" Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground;
" Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
" To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon,
" Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd
" With half-ſhut eyes.

" But the novelty and nature we admire in the deſcriptions of Thomſon, is by no means his only excellence: he is equally to be praiſed for impreſſing on our minds the effects which the ſcene delineated would have on the preſent ſpectator or hearer. Thus having ſpoken of the roaring of the ſavages in the wilderneſs of Africa, he introduces a captive, who, though juſt eſcaped from priſon and ſlavery, under the tyrant of Morocco, is ſo terrified and aſtoniſhed at the dreadful uproar, that

" The wretch half wiſhes for his bonds again.

" Thus, alſo, having deſcribed a caravan loſt and overwhelmed in one of thoſe whirlwinds that ſo frequently agitate and lift up the whole ſands of the deſert, he finiſhes his picture by adding, that,

" in

took part in it, and wrote his poem Britannia, to rouze the nation to revenge: and although this piece is the leſs read that its ſubject was but accidental and temporary, the ſpirited generous ſentiments that enrich it can never be out of ſeaſon: they will at leaſt remain a monument

" in Cairo's crowded ſtreet
" Th' impatient merchant wond'ring waits in vain,
" And Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.

" And thus, laſtly, in deſcribing the peſtilence that deſtroy-
" ed the Britiſh troops at the ſiege of Carthagena, he has
" uſed a circumſtance inimitably lively, pictureſque, and ſtri-
" king to the imagination; for he ſays that the Admiral not
" only heard the groans of the ſick that echoed from ſhip to
" ſhip, but that he alſo penſively ſtood and liſtened, at mid-
" night to the daſhing of the waters, occaſioned by throwing,
" the dead bodies into the ſea:

" Heard, nightly, plung'd into the ſullen waves
" The frequent corſe.

" Theſe obſervations on Thomſon might be ſtill augment-
" ed, by an examination and developement of the beauties
" in the loves of the birds, in Spring, ver. 580.; a view of the
" torrid zone, in Summer, ver. 626.; the riſe of fountains
" and rivers, in Autumn, ver. 781.; a man periſhing in the
" ſnows, in Winter, ver. 277.; and the wolves deſcending
" from the Alps, and a view of Winter within the Polar
" Circle, ver. 809.; which are all of them highly finiſhed
" originals, excepting a few of thoſe blemiſhes intimated a-
" bove. Winter is, in my apprehenſion, the moſt valuable
" of theſe four poems; the ſcenes of it, like thoſe of Il Pen-
" ſeroſo of Milton, being of that awful, and ſolemn, and pen-
" ſive kind, on which a great genius beſt delights to dwell."

monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intenſe, than himſelf.

Our Author's poetical ſtudies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful taſk indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by Nature, and accompliſhed by the care and example of the beſt of fathers in whatever could adorn humanity; graceful of perſon, elegant in manners and addreſs, pious, humane, generous, with an exquiſite taſte in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend Mr Thomſon viſited moſt of the courts and capital cities of Europe, and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the conſtitution and policy of the ſeveral ſtates, their connexions, and their religious inſtitutions. How particular and judicious his obſervations were, we ſee in his poem of Liberty, begun ſoon after his return to England. We ſee, at the ſame time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raiſed, by the compariſons he had all along been making of our happy well-poiſed government with thoſe of other nations. To inſpire his fellow ſubjects with the like ſentiments, and ſhew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preſerved, and how it may be abuſed or loſt, he employed two years of his life in compoſing that noble

work, upon which, conſcious of the importance and dignity of the ſubject, he valued himſelf more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr Thomſon was writing the firſt part of Liberty, he received a ſevere ſhock by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, which was ſoon followed by another that was ſeverer ſtill, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himſelf; which Mr Thomſon ſo pathetically and ſo juſtly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation ſaw itſelf deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whoſe wiſdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations; and Mr Thomſon, beſides his ſhare in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel for the perſon whom, of all mankind, he moſt revered and loved. At the ſame time he found himſelf, from an eaſy competency, reduced to a ſtate of precarious dependence, in which he paſſed the remainder of his life, excepting only the two laſt years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward-Iſlands, procured for him by the generous friendſhip of Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of Briefs, a place of little attendance, ſuiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who ſucceeded to Lord Talbot in office kept it

vacant

vacant for ſome time, probably till Mr Thomſon ſhould apply for it, he was ſo diſpirited, and ſo liſtleſs to every concern of that kind, that he never took one ſtep in the affair; a neglect which his beſt friends greatly blamed him in.

Yet could not his genius be depreſſed, or his temper hurt, by this reverſe of fortune. He reſumed, with time, his uſual cheerfulneſs, and never abated one article in the way of living, which, though ſimple, was genial and elegant. The profits ariſing from his works were not inconſiderable; his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good ſum; Mr Miller was always at hand to anſwer, or even to prevent, his demands; and he had a friend or two beſides, whoſe hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired, who would of themſelves interpoſe, if they ſaw any occaſion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, then his chief favourite, ſettled on him a handſome allowance; and, afterwards, when he was introduced to his Royal Highneſs, that excellent prince, who truly was what Mr Thomſon paints him, "The friend of mankind and of merit," received him very graciouſly, and even after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence: a circumſtance which does equal honour to the patron and the poet ought not here to be omitted, that Lord Lyttelton's recommendation came alto-

gether unſolicited, and long before Mr Thomſon was perſonally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highneſs was in one inſtance of ſome prejudice to our Author, in the refuſal of a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora, which he had prepared for the ſtage in the year 1739. The reader may ſee that this play contains not a line which could juſtly give offence; but the miniſtry, ſtill ſore from certain paſquinades which had lately produced the Stage act, and as little ſatisfied with ſome parts of the Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not riſque the repreſentation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refuſal drew after it another, and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr Paterſon, a companion of Mr Thomſon, afterwards his Deputy, and then his ſucceſſor in the general ſurveyorſhip, uſed to write out fair copies for his friend, when ſuch were wanted for the preſs, or for the ſtage. This gentleman, likewiſe, courted the Tragic Muſe, and had taken for his ſubject the ſtory of Arminius the German hero: but his play, guiltleſs as it was, being preſented for a licence, no ſooner had the Cenſor caſt his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had ſeen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, Away with it! and the Author's profits were reduced to what his Bookſeller could afford for a tragedy in diſtreſs.

Mr

Mr Thomſon's next dramatic performance was his Maſk of Alfred, written jointly with Mr Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his Royal Highneſs's court at his ſummer-reſidence. This piece, with ſome alterations, and the muſic new, has been ſince brought upon the ſtage by Mr Mallet. It was acted at Clifden in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Auguſta.

In the year 1745, his Tancred and Sigiſmunda, taken from the novel in Gil Blas, was performed with applauſe, and, from the deep romantic diſtreſs of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houſes. The ſucceſs of this piece was indeed inſured, from the firſt, by Mr Garrick and Mrs Cibber, their appearing in the principal characters, which they heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finiſhing his Caſtle of Indolence, in two canto's. It was, at firſt, little more than a few detached ſtanzas, in the way of raillery on himſelf, and on ſome of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them, at leaſt, as indolent as himſelf: but he ſaw, very ſoon, that the ſubject deſerved to be treated more ſeriouſly, and in a form fitted to convey one of the moſt important moral leſſons.

The ſtanza which he uſes in this work is that of Spenſer, borrowed from the Italian poets, in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful, the compaſs of the ſtanza admitting

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an agreeable variety of final ſounds, while the ſenſe of the poet is not cramped or cut ſhort, nor yet too much dilated, as muſt often happen when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets, the uſual meaſure, indeed, of our elegy and ſatire, but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will ſometimes give it an air of the burleſque.

This was the laſt piece Mr Thomſon himſelf publiſhed, his tragedy of Coriolanus being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the beſt men and beſt poets that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horſeman, and more ſo in a road where numbers of giddy or unſkilful riders are continually paſſing; ſo that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the diſtance between London and Richmond with any acquaintance that offered, with whom he might chat and reſt himſelf, or perhaps dine by the way. One ſummer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammerſmith he had overheated himſelf, and in that condition imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew, apprehending no bad conſequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his houſe, at the upper-end of Kew-Lane had always hitherto prevented: but now the cold had ſo ſeized him, that next day he found himſelf in a high fever, ſo much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the uſe of proper medicines, was removed, ſo that he was thought to be out of danger, till the fine weather having tempted him to expoſe

himſelf

himſelf once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with ſuch ſymptoms, as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had paſſed before his relapſe was known in town; at laſt Mr Mitchell and Mr Reid, with Dr Armſtrong, being informed of it, poſted out at midnight to his aſſiſtance; but, alas! came only to endure a ſight of all others the moſt ſhocking to nature, the laſt agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of Auguſt 1748.

His teſtamentary executors were the Lord Lyttelton, whoſe care of our Poet's fortune and fame ceaſed not with his life; and Mr Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and conſtancy of his private friendſhips, and for his addreſs and ſpirits as a public miniſter. By their united intereſt the orphan play of Coriolanus was brought on the ſtage to the beſt advantage; from the profits of which, and the ſale of manuſcripts and other effects, all demands were duly ſatisfied, and a handſome ſum remitted to his ſiſters. Lord Lyttelton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the beſt that had ever been written; the beſt ſpoken it certainly was. The ſympathizing audience ſaw that, then indeed, Mr Quin was no actor; that the tears he ſhed were thoſe of real friendſhip and grief.

Mr Thomſon's remains were depoſited in the church of Richmond, under a plain ſtone, without any inſcription; nor did his brother poets at all exert themſelves on the occaſion, as they had lately done for one

who

who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This ſilence furniſhed matter to one of his friends for an excellent ſatirical epigram, which we are ſorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr Collins, who had lived ſome time at Richmond, but forſook it when Mr Thomſon died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that ſeems to have dictated it, we ſhall ſubjoin to the preſent account.

Our Author himſelf hints, ſome where in his works, that his exterior was not the moſt promiſing, his make being rather robuſt than graceful; though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handſome. His worſt appearance was when you ſaw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood; but let a friend accoſt him, and enter into converſation, he would inſtantly brighten into a moſt amiable aſpect, his features no longer the ſame, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The caſe was much alike in company, where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure; but with a few ſelect friends he was open, ſprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his ſhare. Such was his extreme ſenſibility, ſo perfect the harmony of his organs with the ſentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expreſſed, what he was about to ſay; and his voice correſponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This

ſenſibility

nſibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it endered him the very worſt reader of good poetry: a onnet, or a copy of tame verſes, he could manage retty well, or even improve them in the reading; but paſſage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakſpere, would ſomemes quite oppreſs him, that you could hear little elſe han ſome ill-articulated ſounds, riſing as from the ottom of his breaſt.

He had improved his taſte upon the beſt originals, ncient and modern; but could not bear to write what as not ſtrictly his own, what had not more immedietely ſtruck his imagination, or touched his heart; ſo hat he is not in the leaſt concerned in that queſtion bout the merit or demerit of imitators. What he orrows from the Ancients he gives us an avowed faithful paraphraſe or tranſlation, as we ſee in a few paſſaes taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture rom Pliny the Elder, where the courſe and gradual ncreaſe of the Nile are figured by the ſtages of man's ife.

The autumn was his favourite ſeaſon for poetical compoſition, and the deep ſilence of the night the time e commonly choſe for ſuch ſtudies; ſo that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amuſements of his leiſure hours were civil and natural hiſtory, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the moſt authentic he could procure; and, had his ſituation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled

celled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes, as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the ancient, or with those of Italy, wishing sometimes that a chorus, at least, and a better recitative, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of Antiquity, and the best productions of modern art, and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of Liberty, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes, at least, more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the grand and beautiful to the traditional lessons of a common virtuoso. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend, Mr Gray, of Richmond-hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his

his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the moſt elevated and juſt conceptions of his operations and providence, ſhine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderneſs of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it muſt have been towards his own ſpecies. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any perſon one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwiſe. He took no part in the poetical ſquabbles which happened in his time, and was reſpected, and left undiſturbed, by both ſides. He would even refuſe to take offence when he juſtly might, by interrupting any perſonal ſtory that was brought him, with ſome jeſt, or ſome humourous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever ſeen ruffled or diſcompoſed, but when he read or heard of ſome flagrant inſtance of injuſtice, oppreſſion, or cruelty: then, indeed, the ſtrongeſt marks of horror and indignation were viſible in his countenance.

Theſe amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthuſiaſtic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is ſtill freſh in every one's memory: the beſt and greateſt men of his time honoured him with their friendſhip and protection: the applauſe of the public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do juſtice to his tragedies. At preſent, indeed, if we except Tancred, they are ſeldom called for, the ſimplicity of

his plots, and the models he worked after, not ſuiting the reigning taſte, nor the impatience of an Engliſh theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue; but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr Thomſon's works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been tranſlated. We ſhall only ſay, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him cloſe from the very firſt publication of Winter, he ſeems to have fixed no inconſiderable æra of the Engliſh poetry.

ODE

# ODE

## ON THE DEATH OF MR THOMSON.

BY MR COLLINS.

*The ſcene of the following ſtanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.*

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave;
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon' deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſooting ſhade.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.



Remembrance

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore,
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft' ſuſpend the daſhing oar,
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft' as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon' whitening ſpire*,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet Bard, my Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,

Now

* Richmond church.

Now waft me from the green hill's ſide,
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted Shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs,
With ſimple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Britons' eyes,
O! Vales, and wild Woods, ſhall he ſay
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

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# THE SEASONS.

## *SPRING.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of HERTFORD. The ſeaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and laſt on man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend,
O Hartford! fitted, or to ſhine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own ſeaſon paints, when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent like thee. 10
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off
Far to the North and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch, 15

Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
Deform the day delightleſs; ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh, or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte. 25
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold,
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all ſurrounding heav'n. 30
Forth fly the tepid airs, and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers 35
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt:
There, unrefuſing to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark. 40
Mean while, incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare,
The maſter leans, removes the obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White, thro' the neighbouring fields the ſower ſtalks
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain 45

Into

Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering Breezes! blow;
Ye softening Dews! ye tender Showers! descend; 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun!
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55
To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65
Ye generous Britons! venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain 70
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75

And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!
Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming power 80
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever new delight. 85
From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye:
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd 95
In all the colours of the fluſhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance, while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the Town, 100
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breaths, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as thro' the verdant maze
Of ſweet briar hedges I purſue my walk, 105

Or

Or taſte the ſmell of dairy, or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white empurpled ſhow'r
Of mingled bloſſoms, where the raptured eye 110
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.
If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale 115
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt, before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide dejected waſte: 120
For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on Myriads, inſect armies warp
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, in to the blacken'd core
Their eager way: a feeble race! yet oft' 125
The ſacred ſons of Vengeance, on whoſe courſe
Corroſive Famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns,
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe 130
From every cranny ſuffocated falls,
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt; 135
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, chearless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The North-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South 145
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails 150
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy, 155
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd 160
In glassy breadth, seem, thro' delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspence, 165
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,

And

And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And foreſts, ſeem impatient to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks 170
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool 175
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow
In large effuſion o'er the freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhow'r is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves. 180
But who can hold the ſhade, while heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
And, while the milky nutriment diſtills, 185
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
Till, in the weſtern ſky the downward ſun 190
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt, 195
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.

Moiſt,

Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſcape laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their every muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks 200
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
The hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings.
Meantime refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow 205
Shoots up immenſe, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton! the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm, 210
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs 215
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd;
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoftened ſhade, and ſaturated earth,
Await the morning-beam to give to light, 220
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſt to number up their tribes, 225
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch, or thro' the foreſt, rank

With

With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
Gir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow. 230
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mould,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? Who pierce, 235
With viſion pure, into theſe ſacred ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life, 240
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe,
The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam.
For their light ſlumbers gently fum'd away, 245
And up they roſe as vig'rous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendence of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole 250
Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs, ſave the ſweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor ſurly deed 255
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven,

For

For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Dropt fatneſs down, as o'er the ſwelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekenʼd, and he join'd his ſullen joy:
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,
Are found no more amid theſe Iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs, and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds, and reaſon, half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs and deform'd,
Convulſive Anger ſtorms at large; or, pale
And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,

Weak and unmanly loofens every power.
Even Love itfelf is bitternefs of foul,
A penfive anguifh pining at the heart;
Or, funk to fordid intereft, feels no more 290
That noble wifh, that never cloy'd defire
Which, felfifh joy difdaining, feeks alone
To blefs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope fickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madnefs fwells, 295
Or in dead filence waftes the weeping hours.
Thefe, and a thoufand mixt emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endlefs ftorm; whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a liftlefs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark Difguft, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At laft, extinct each focial feeling fell, 305
And joylefs Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature difturb'd
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her courfe.
Hence, in old dufky time, a deluge came;
When the deep cleft difparting orb that arch'd 310
The central waters round impetuous rufh'd,
With univerfal burft, into the gulph,
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dafh'd the waves, in undulation vaft,
Till, from the center to the ftreaming clouds, 315
A fhorelefs ocean tumbled round the globe.

The

The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage:
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps and cold autumnal fogs
Hung not relaxing on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies,
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of Art 'tis copious bleſt:
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They, too, are temper'd high,

With

With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt:
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep, while from her lap 350
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth; ſhall he, fair Form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles and looks erect on heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed; but you, ye Flocks!
What have you done? ye peaceful People! what
To merit death? you who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat 360
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal!
In what has he offended? he whoſe toil,
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt, ſhall he bleed, 365
And, ſtruggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt; but 'tis enough, 370
In this late age, advent'rous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian ſage:
High Heaven forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe. 375

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
To tempt the trout. The well diſſembled fly,
The road fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender wat'ry ſtores prepare;
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams and rouz'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing cheerful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds. 395
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little Naiads love to ſport at large. 400
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly, 405

And

And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Straight as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook; 410
Some lightly toſſing to the grassy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod, 415
Him, piteous of his youth, and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw: but ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly,
And oft' attempts to ſeize it, but as oft'
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear: 425
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death
With ſullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode, 431
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435

Acrofs the ftream, exhauft his idle rage;
Till floating broad upon his breathlefs fide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the fhore
You gaily drag your unrefifting prize. 439

Thus pafs the temperate hours; but when the fun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the fcattering clouds,
Even fhooting liftlefs languor thro' the deeps,
Then feek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where fcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy effence breathes, where cowflips hang 445
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the fhade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' fpreading afh,
Hung o'er the fteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The founding culver fhoots; or where the hawk, 450
High, in the beetling cliff, his aeiry builds:
There let the claffic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural fcenes, fuch as the Mantuan fwain
Paints in the matchlefs harmony of fong:
Or catch thyfelf the landfcape, gliding fwift 455
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loft in lonely mufing, in the dream
Confus'd of carelefs folitude, where mix
Ten thoufand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every guft of paffion into peace,
All but the fwellings of the foften'd heart,
That waken, not difturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon' breathing profpect bids the Mufe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465

Like

Like Nature? Can Imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If Fancy, then, 470
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah! what ſhall Language do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours, and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales, 475
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet tho' ſucceſsleſs will the toil delight.
Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong! 480
Form'd by the Graces, Lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
Oh come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather, in their prime,
Freſh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom, that improves their ſweets. 490
See where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores
Irriguous ſpreads. See how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profuſion decks. Long let us walk 495

Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans: Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
Full of freſh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
Where undiſguis'd by mimic Art ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees, 505
In ſwarming millions, tend; around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inſerted tube
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft' with bolder wing they ſoaring dare 510
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd throw the verdant maze the hurried eye 515
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps;
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders bright with dew,
And in yon' mingled wilderneſs of flowers 525

Fair-

Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet, darkly blue,
And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wallflower, ſtain'd with iron brown, 530
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks, 540
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summers muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils, 545
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells, 550
With hues on hues Expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! univerſal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee: to Thee my thoughts 555

Continual

Continual climb, who with a maſter-hand
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide, a twining maſs of tubes.
At thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root 565
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd ſcene of things.

As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend, 570
My panting Muſe! and hark! how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye Nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running ſoul of Melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce, 575
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, The paſſion of the groves.

When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled; but no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent and wide, 585

Then,

Then, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh 595
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
The black bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Now are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Innumerous ſongſters in the freſhening ſhade 605
Of new-ſprung leaves their modulations mix
Melliſluous: the jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert, while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of Love;
That even to birds and beaſts the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches: hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love 615

Can

Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance 620
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening, the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and, by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach, 625
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts, 630
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offſpring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts:
Others apart, far in the graſſy dale
Or roughening waſte their humble texture weave: 640
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645

Of

Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes,
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent: and often from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft', when unobſerv'd, 655
Steal from the barn a ſtraw; till ſoft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger or by ſmooth delight, 660
Tho' the whole looſened Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits 665
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food 670
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and, undeſiring, bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young, 675

Which

Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By Fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods, 680
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn; exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd, 685
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,
And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
Th' unfeeling ſchool boy. Hence around the head
Of wandering ſwain the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excurſion, ſkims the level lawn 694
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the tracklefs waſte
The heath-hen, flutters; pious fraud! to lead
The hot-purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes 705
Which,

Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your boſom Innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or Piety perſuade. 710
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt, 715
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade,
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair ſhe ſings 720
Her ſorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
Sole ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her waill reſound. 725
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain, and, weighing oft' their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky.
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown. 730
Unlaviſh Wiſdom never works in vain,
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad 735

On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void 740
Trembling refuſe, till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden, and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light and air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race, 750
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt Kilda's[a] ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to Indian worlds, 755
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages, of his empire, which in peace 760
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.

Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat
Whoſe lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765

In

In early Spring, his aery city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive, there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſehold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around, 770
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock,
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan 775
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun, 781
And ſwims in valiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below, ruſh furious into flame
And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels: 790
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795

Crops, thro' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe:
And oft' in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk:
Him ſhould he meet the bellowing war begins: 800
Their eyes flaſh fury: to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve. 806
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the ſounding throng:
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away; 810
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains, flies;
And, neighing, on the aerial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headling torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream 815
Turns in black eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.

Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep;
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rouz'd, 820
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind;
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825

The

The far-reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves: but this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the Britiſh fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf, 830
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun:
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee
Their frolics play. And now the ſprightly race 835
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited Britain ever bled, 840
Loſt in eternal broil; ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch, the wonder of a world! 845

What is this mighty Breath, ye Sages! ſay,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their beaſts
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What but God?
Inſpiring God! who, boundleſs Spirit all, 850
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things, 855

But tho' conceal'd to ev'ry purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears,
Chief, lovely Spring! in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The ſmiling God is ſeen, while water, earth,
And air, atteſt his bounty, which exalts 860
The brute creation to his finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.
Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man: 865
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his being and ſerene his ſoul,
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only laviſh to yourſelves: away!
But come, ye generous Minds! in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns 876
With warmeſt beam, and on your open front
And liberal eye ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want: nor till invok'd
Can reſtleſs Goodneſs wait; your active ſearch 880
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd!
Like ſilent-working Heaven, ſurpriſing oft'
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad! for you the teeming clouds 885

Deſcend

Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world,
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head,
Life flows afreſh, and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill: 895
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom, till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world! 900
Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reaſon's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, thro' Hagley-Park thou ſtrayeſt,
Thy Britiſh Tempe! there along the dale! 906
With woods o'erhung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees, 910
You ſilent ſteal, or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915

The

The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft',
You wander thro' the philoſophic world, 920
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft', conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulf
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive:
Or, turning thence they view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm, while, with ſure taſte refin'd, 930
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong,
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd: then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love, 935
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſs'd by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace,
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme, 940
You, frequent pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which Love 945

Alone

Alone beſtows, and on a favour'd few.
Mean time you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around,
And ſnatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſehold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams;
Wide ſtretching from the hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill, 955
To where the broken landſcape, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year, 960
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves 965
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye Fair! 970
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts;
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile: let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth. 975

Gain

Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love; 980
Of the ſmooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours:
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs, 985
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing ſmile, the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
Even preſent, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours, 995
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart, where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arouz'd
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies, and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin fall his ſcorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis

'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light; the roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines, and yon' bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct, and ſhe alone 1010
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends,
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls; while borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair,
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd, 1020
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades and ſympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk 1025
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day, 1030
Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam, 1035

With

With ſoftened ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies: 1045
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt, 1050
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft' with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks,
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd 1055
To ſecret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long-untravell'd heaths, 1061
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt, or ſhrinks, aghaſt,
Back from the bending precipice, or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach 1065

The

The farther ſhore, where, ſuccourleſs and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores,
But ſtrives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks. 1070
  Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should Jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall, 1075
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye Fairy Proſpects, then,
Ye beds of Roſes, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewell! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! inſtead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 1086
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views 1090
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up,
With fervent anguiſh and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail, 1095

Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love. 1099
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart;
For even the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds 1105
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture or of cruel care,
His brighteſt aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind! 1110
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft', and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf, 1115
Attuning all their paſſions into love,
Where Friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem, enlivened by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence; for nought but love 1121
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
Well-

Well-merited, conſume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel,
Let Eaſtern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd 1130
Of a mere lifeleſs, violated form,
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all! 1135
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh?
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human bloſſom blows, and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm, 1145
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot, 1150
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while you look around, 1155

And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All-various Nature preſſing on the heart;
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life, 1160
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and conſenting Spring, 1165
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

# THE SEASONS.

## *SUMMER.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the Seaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the Poem is a deſcription of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer-inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the Torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A Tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich, well cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer-meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way, 5
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her bluſhful face, and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſunbeam wanders thro' the gloom, 10
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inſpiration! from thy hermit-ſeat, 15
By mortal ſeldom found; may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite,
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart,
Genius and wiſdom, the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd, goodneſs and wit, 25
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd,
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man;
O Dodington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to thy theme, in ſpirit every line, 30
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firſt the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' inimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years, 35
That oft' has ſwept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away,
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe,

To

To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful; ſuch th' all-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the Night,
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt,
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow,
And from before the luſtre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened ſtep
Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rouz'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with Peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.
Falſely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong? 70
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life,
Total extinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive, 75
Wilder'd, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves, when every Muſe
And every blooming Pleaſure wait without
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning-walk? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumin'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now apparent all, 85
Aſlant the dew-bright earth and coloured air
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad,
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheer, Light! 90
Of all material beings firſt and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen 95
Shines out thy Maker, may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,

Thy

Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead, 106
And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam?
The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world-rejoicing ſtate it moves ſublime.
Mean time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn, while round thy beaming car, 120
High-ſeen, the Seaſons land, in ſprightly dance,
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours;
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light footed Dews,
And, ſoftened into joy, the ſurly Storms, 125
Theſe in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,

Herbs,

Herbs, flowers, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd,
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind; and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone:
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact, that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns:
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emeral shows: but, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams, 156
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling

A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dread creation, from thy touch, 160
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at thy return. The Deſert joys 165
Wildy thro' all his melancholy bounds,
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far, great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him 175
Who, Light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken?
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe lamps of heaven 180
That beam for ever thro' the boundleſs ſky;
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and chaos come again?
And yet was every faultering tongue of man, 185
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice;

Even

Even in the depths of ſolitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celeſtial Thee reſound, 190
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-diſplay'd,
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate, 195
My ſole delight, as thro' the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excurſive ſoar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.
Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt, 205
Dew-dropping Coolneſs to the ſhade retires,
There on the verdant turf or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant Heat, diſpreading thro' the ſky,
With rapid ſway his burning influence darts 210
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.
Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-fluſh'd bloom reſign
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,

Drooping

Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.
Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold, 221
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks, 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight,
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise. 229
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And in a corner of the buzzing shade
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till wakened by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song;
Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs 245
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues

Their beauty beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms, ten thouſand different tribes,
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome, 250
By fatal inſtinct, fly, where on the pool
They ſportive wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
Or darting ſalmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray, there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the freſh leaf: luxurious, others make 256
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower
And every latent herb; for the ſweet taſk
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd, 260
Employs their tender care: ſome to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight,
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft', inadvertent, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate, or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death, where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcaſſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around:
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft'
Paſſes, as oft' the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line,
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,

Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And ſhriller ſound, declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand. 280
Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground;
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon,
Or drowſy ſhepherd as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade 285
Of willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading even the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Thro' ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſunbeams ſcarce can find a way, 295
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray. 305
Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems, 310
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man; for if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial and the nectar'd bowl 315
He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.
Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wiſdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of Art! 325
A critic fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man whoſe univerſal eye 329
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things,
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335
Of dreary nothing, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?

Till

Till then, alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whoſe Wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant ſun.
Thick in yon' ſtream of light a thouſand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport, till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce winter ſweeps them from the face of day. 345
Even ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer-life in Fortune's ſhine;
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes 250
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the Book of Life.
Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe,
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid, 255
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even ſtooping Age is here, and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 565
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,

In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, refounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and focial glee. 370
Or rufhing thence, in one diffufive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair fpreading in a pebbled fhore. 375
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the foft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly fides; and oft' the fwain,
On fome impatient feizing, hurls them in: 380
Embolden'd then, nor hefitating more,
Faft, faft they plunge amid the flafhing wave,
And, panting, labour to the fartheft fhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wafh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
The trout is banifh'd by the fordid ftream,
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmlefs race, where, as they fpread
Their fwelling treafures to the funny ray,
Inly difturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill, and, tofs'd from rock to rock,
Inceffant bleatings run around the hills.
At laft, of fnowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous prefs'd, 395
Head above head, and rang'd in lufty rows
The fhepherds fit, and whet the founding fhears.

The

The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king,
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Mean time their joyous taſk goes on apace; 405
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide
To ſtamp his maſters cypher ready ſtand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy 410
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.
A ſimple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe; hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime, 425
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,

Wide

Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder, hence,
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the ſun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all 435
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams,
And keen reflection, pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's bloom, and wither even the ſoul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe; the mower ſinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd. 445
And ſcarce a chirping graſhopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar,
Or thro' th' unſhelter'd glade impatient ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450
All-conquering Heat! Oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not ſo fierce! inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh, 455
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice

Thrice happy he! who on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines; 460
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh-bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unſatisfied, and ſick, toſſes in noon:
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene and pure,
And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks! 740
Ye Aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full-flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
Cool thro' the nerves your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh-expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit,
And life ſhoots ſwift thro' all the lightened limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er the rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compoſe, 485
Rural confuſion! On the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others ſtand

Half

Half in the flood, and, often bending, ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes, and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch-ſwain, his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd,
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.

Light fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies faſten on the herd,
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Thro' all the bright ſeverity of noon,
While from their labouring breaſts a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft' in this ſeaſon, too, the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood
Springs the high fence, and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear; his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength,
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
And with wide noſtrils ſnorting, ſkims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove of wildeſt, largeſt growth,

That,

That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.

Theſe are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Exſtatic, felt, and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent, to ſave the fall
Of Virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muſe to better themes; to ſooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death; 535
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rouz'd, I feel 540
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, the abſtracted ear
Of Fancy ſtrikes; "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures we 545
"From the ſame Parent-power our beings drew,
"The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.

"Once

" Once ſome of us, like thee, thro' ſtormy life
" Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
" Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy Folly and diſcordant Vice,
" Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God. 555
" Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
" When muſing Midnight reigns or ſilent Noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade; 560
" A privilege beſtow'd by us alone
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."
And art thou Stanley[a], of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! tho' rais'd above 565
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe,
Who ſeeks thee ſtill in many a former ſcene; 570
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd, where moral Wiſdom mildly ſhone
Without the toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride. 575
But, O thou beſt of Parents! wipe thy tears,
Or rather to paternal Nature pay

The

The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
Believe the Muſe; the wintry blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Thro' endleſs ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy viſion rapt, 585
I ſtray, regardleſs whither, till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought; ſwift-ſhrinking
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene. [back
Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood 590
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe,
But raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks, 600
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcattered fragments, now
Aſlant the hollowed channel rapid darts,
And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe and leſſened roar 605
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow

He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day,
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive Noon, diſordered droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only thro' the foreſt cooes 615
Mournfully hoarſe, oft' ceaſing from his plaint
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowlers' guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes, and then reſounds 620
A louder ſong of ſorrow thro' the grove.

Beſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head, 625
By flowering umbrage ſhaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon, 630
Now come, bold Fancy, ſpread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the Torrid zone;
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon' ſkies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent ſun, 635
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze

Looks

Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the Morn, 640
The general breeze[b], to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee, each circling year,
Returning ſuns and double ſeaſons paſs[c]; 645
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays;
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep, immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods, 654
Prone ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian bloom: here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales, 660
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With one deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me, reclin'd,
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind, that ſhakes,

Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds.
Quench my hot limbs, or lead me thro' the maze, 670
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer eaſe on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade: 675
Or, ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor on its ſlender twigs,
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd; 681
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft' in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful Worth, above faſtidious Pomp:
Witneſs, thou beſt anana, thou, the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the Golden Age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfix't, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our gardens' pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers, with ſudden hand,
Exuberant ſpring; for oft theſe vallies ſhift
Their

Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains prevail. 700
Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd
From little ſcenes of art great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning ſeas, 705
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts; behold in plaited mail
Behemoth [d] rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide 710
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies;
He fearleſs walks the plain or ſeeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze. 715
Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around, 720
Leans the huge elephant, wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not deſtructive! here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall, regardleſs, he, 725
Of what the never-reſting race of men
Project; thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile

Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps,
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert, 730
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick ſwarm the brighter birds; for Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd 736
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. But if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong *. 740
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Thro' the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night, 745
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.

But come, my Muſe! the deſert-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky;
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar, ardent climb 750
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk
Of ſocial Commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, blaſpheming Heaven, 755
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,

To

To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers, 760
From jaſmine grove to grove may'ſt wander gay,
Thro' palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave:
There on the breezy ſummit ſpreading fair 765
For many a league, or on ſtupenduous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops,
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe,
And gardens ſmile around, and cultured fields, 770
And fountains guſh, and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray, a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault; there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves 775
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold,
And o'er the varied landſcape reſtleſs rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind; 780
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom. 785
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round
Of ſtruggling night and day, malignant mix'd:

For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.

The treaſures theſe hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge, whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of Floods o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
From his two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of Fair Dambea rolls his infant ſtream:
There, by the Naiad nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth amid the fragrant iſles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along.
Thro' ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts

Of life-deſerted ſand, till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep he pours his urn, 820
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs, and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825
Fall on Cormandel's coaſt or Malabar,
From Menam's [f] orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower,
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns, 830
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
Nor leſs thy world, Columbus! drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives 835
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes huge deſcends
The mighty Orellana [g]. Scarce the Muſe 840
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſea-like Plata, to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
In ſilent dignity, they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,

And

And fruitful deſerts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles, and ſeaſons teem, in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe, 85
O'er peopled plains the fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy iſle;
The ſeat of blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
By Chriſtian crimes and Europe's cruel ſons; 85
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe,
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth? 86
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draught
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health, 86
Their foreſts yield? Their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 8
Golconda's gems, and ſad Potoſi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated Race! the ſoftening arts of peace 8
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach,
The godlike wiſdom of the tempered breaſt,

Progreſſi

rogreſſive Truth, the patient force of thought,
nveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
ommand the world, the light that leads to Heaven,
ind equal rule, the government of Laws, 881
nd all-protecting Freedom, which alone
uſtains the name and dignity of Man,
hese are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
eems o'er this world of ſlaves to tyrannize, 885
nd with oppreſſive ray the roſeate bloom
f beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue
nd feature groſs; or, worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
lad Jealouſy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
heir fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there; 890
he ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
he heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
f ſweet Humanity! theſe court the beam
f milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
nd the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe, 895
here loſt. The very brute creation there
his rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
hich even Imagination fears to tread,
t noon forth iſſuing, gathers up his train 900
orbs immenſe, then darting out anew,
eeks the refreſhing fount, by which diffus'd
e throws his folds; and while with threat'ning tongue
nd deathful jaws erect the monſter curls
is flaming creſt, all other thirſt appall'd, 905
r ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
or dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,

The

The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of Fate,
Whoſe high concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift 910
The vital current. Form'd to humble man.
This child of vengeful Nature! there, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of Guilt
And foul Miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut 915
His ſacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of man, 920
The keen hyæna, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted iſles
That verdant riſe amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerous glare around their ſhaggy king, 925
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand,
And with imperious and repeated roars
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe, 930
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village ſtarts,
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the pirate's den,
Or ſtern Morocco's tyrant-fang eſcap'd, 935
The wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again;

While

While, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
From Atlas eaſtward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below,
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
Ships, dim-diſcovered, dropping from the clouds:
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs, while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual thro' the tedious night. 950
Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping Rome,
And guilty Cæſar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
Diſdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
And all the green delights Auſonia pours,
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.
Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft', angels of wrath, 960
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide-glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil, 965
Son of the deſert! even the camel feels,

Shot thro' his withered heart, the fiery blaſt:
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Straight the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe,
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep, 975
Beneath deſcending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded ſtreets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.

But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave 980
Obeys the blaſt, the aerial tumult ſwells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon[h], whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky, 985
And dire Ecnephia [h] reign. Amid the heaven,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy ſpeck [i]
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells,
Of no regard ſave to the ſkilful eye:
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs 990
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail; then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.

In

In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: by rapid Fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs 1000
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama [k] fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant lab'ring round the ſtormy Cape,
By bold Ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd, 1005
The riſing world of Trade; the Genius then
Of Navigation, that in hopeleſs ſloth
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard, at laſt,
The Luſitanian Prince[l], who, Heaven-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory, rouz'd mankind, 1011
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increaſing ſtill the terror of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd, with threefold fate
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood, 1017
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along,
And from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy Guinea of her ſons, 1020
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves
The ſtormy Fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtraight their mangled limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul, 1031
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce, then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of peſtilent diſeaſe. 1035
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man:
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd 1040
The Britiſh fire. You, gallant Vernon! ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye, 1045
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips from ſhore to ſhore:
Heard nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves
The frequent corſe, while on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd, 1050
Silent, to aſk whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention thoſe inclement ſkies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city Plague,
The fierceſt child of Nemeſis divine,
Deſcends? from Ethiopia's poiſoned woods[m], 1055

From

From ſtifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes 1060
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death,
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze, and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely Wiſdom, then, 1065
Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand
Of feeble Juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
And huſh'd the clamour of the buſy world:
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad: 1070
Into the worſt of deſerts ſudden-turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men; unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe where matchleſs Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe, and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himſelf, 1080
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh care; the circling ſky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs 1085

They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat, 1090
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage, 1095
The infuriate hill, that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rouz'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muſe,
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.

Behold! ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods, and, growing, gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd 1105
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds
Where ſleep the mineral generations drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110
Pollute the ſky, and in yon' baleful cloud
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rouz'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115

They

They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanſe, ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath. 1120
Prone to the loweſt vale the aerial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye, by man forſook, 1125
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear and dumb amazement all;
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud, 1130
And following flower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds; till over-head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze: 1140
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd, horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145

Pour

Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In Fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull, 1155
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak, 1165
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:

Her's

Her's the mild luſtre of the blooming morn, 1175
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
They lov'd; but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undiſſembling Truth.
'Twas friendſhip heighten'd by the mutual wiſh, 1180
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf,
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades, 1185
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While with each other bleſt, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd 1195
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft' a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence 1199
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet

" Sweet Innocence! thou ſtranger to offence, 1205
" And inward ſtorm! He who yon' ſkies involves
" In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
" With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
" That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
" Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very voice 1210
" Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
" With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
" 'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
" To claſp Perfection!" From his void embrace, 1214
Myſterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blackened corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb: 1220
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands 1225
A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy
Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
Inveſts the fields, and Nature ſmiles, reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.

And

And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man, 1245
Moſt favour'd, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd, 1240
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands, 1245
Gazing th' inverting landſcape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge, and thro' th' obedient wave, 1250
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path,
While from his poliſh'd ſides a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round. 1255
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats;
Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood
Would I, weak-ſhivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd, 1260
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,

Firſt

Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave. 1265
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat, 1270
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs:
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd, ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs. 1280
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
And if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft' decides the fate 1285
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine:
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe 1290
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,

A delicate

A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye Prudes, in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye Severeſt, what would you have done?
Mean time this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around 1300
The banks ſurveying, ſtripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine 1305
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the ſnowy leg
And ſlender foot th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone,
And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breaſt, 1310
With youth wild-throbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul-diſtracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand, 1315
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood 1320
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd,
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed;
As ſhines the lily thro' the cryſtal mild,

Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair!
"Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340
"Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345
So stands the statue[n] that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blessful Eden knew not; and, array'd 1350
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd:
But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,

Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt, 1355
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted; even a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length a tender calm 1360
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul,
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy: 1365
"Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill, as now,
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage; his downward orb 1370
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital luſtre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375
Covered with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe 1380
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul,

To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms, whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light,
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue the ſons of Intereſt deem romance,
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day;
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vaſt Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind ſchool where no proud maſter reigns,
The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the fire
Of Love, approving, hears, and calls it Good.
Which way, Amanda, ſhall we bend our courſe?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chuſe?
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead?
Or court the foreſt glade? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radient Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene[o]? Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſcape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the Siſter-hills[p] that ſkirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn

To

To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows: 1415
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray;
Luxurious, there rove thro' the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd, 1420
With her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs vale of Thames,
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt 1425
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God [q]; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraſs'd height, and Eſher's groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent Mole, 1430
From courts and ſenates Pelham finds repoſe.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of Achaia or Heſperia ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the power of Cultivation lies, 1435
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſcape into ſmoke decays! 1440
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inſpiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt cotts,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.

Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while roving round their ſides
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves. 1450
Beneath thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And Property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the ſons of Art,
And Trade and Joy in every buſy ſtreet
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield, 1461
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and, looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go, and firſt
Or on the lifted plain or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans 1470
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius and ſubſtantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;

Yet, like the muſtering thunder, when provok'd, 1475
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim Oppreſſion groan.
Thy ſons of glory many! Alfred! thine,
In whom the ſplendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
Combine; whoſe hallowed name the Virtues ſaint,
And his own Muſes love; the beſt of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame! the firſt who deep-impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
That awes her Genius ſtill. In ſtateſmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who with a generous tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt, 1490
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul, erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee Miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh! the Scourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd: 1500
Nor ſunk his vigour when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind

Explor'd

Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt, 1505
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world,
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious or ſo baſe as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs, 1510
The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay,
A Hampden, too, is thine, illuſtrious Land!
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtemm'd the torrent of a downward age, 1515
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where Ruſſel lies, whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt cheerfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign,
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk 1525
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the Britiſh Caſſius, fearleſs bled,
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
In awful Sages and in noble Bards,
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon, hapleſs in his choice,

Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate, 1535
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts
With firm but pliant virtue forward ſtill
To urge his courſe; him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul 1540
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks and jargon-teaching ſchools
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words, and forms, 1545
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radient finger points to heaven again.
The generous Aſhley[s] thine, the friend of man,
Who ſcann'd his nature with a brother's eye, 1551
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch 1555
Amid the dark receſſes of his works
The great Creator ſought? And why thy Locke?
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works 1560
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,

Is not wild Shakſpere thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe 1565
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme,
Aſtoniſhing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven ſublime. 1570
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenſer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon,
Who like a copious river pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing Sage, 1575
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my ſong ſoften as thy Daughters I,
Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own, 1580
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom, 1585
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt; 1590
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when, dreſt in love,
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas

That

That thunder round the rocky coasts set up, 1595
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol; white Peace and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal, 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds, 1620
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers

Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs 1625
(So Grecian fable ſung), he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.
For ever running an enchanted round
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void, 1630
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
Who all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf, an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth:
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind, 1640
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew,
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645
Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air,
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth, then that of deeper dye 1650
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping

Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn 1655
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains; thoughtful to feed 1660
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered ſeeds ſhe wings.
His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail; 1665
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave 1675
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt. 1680
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night not in her winter-robe

Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd 1685
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary Viſion turns, where, leading ſoft
the ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe, 1695
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky, or horizontal dart 1700
In wondrous ſhapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace 1705
Returning with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends,
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens
The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlightened few,
Whoſe godlike minds Philoſophy exalts,

The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting,
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky; [ſpurns
While from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs 1725
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, ſerene Philoſophy! with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong, 1730
Effuſive ſource of evidence and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon, and pure as that
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day. 1735
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains, 1740
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd;
The firſt up-tracing from the dreary void,

The

The chain of causes and effects to him, 1745
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die, the treasure of mankind! 1755
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlightened Man?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In quest of prey, and with th' unfashioned fur
Rough-clad, devoid of every finer art 1760
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
Mechanic; nor the heaven conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:

To

To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all, 1775
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth,
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye, and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear, 1790
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain preception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract, where first begins 1795
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmix't. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, sits deep:
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits, 1800
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

NOTES.

# NOTES.

## *SPRING.*

[a] The fartheſt of the weſtern iſlands of Scotland.

## *SUMMER.*

[a] A young lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

[b] Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt; cauſed by the preſſure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

[c] In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

[d] The hippopotamus, or river-horſe.

[e] In all the regions of the Torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

[f] The river that runs through Siam, on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called *fire-flies*, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

[g] The river of the Amazons.

[h] Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

[i] Called by ſailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance, at firſt, no bigger.

[k] Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who ſailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the Eaſt-Indies.

[l] Don Henry, third ſon to John I. king of Portugal. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Theſe

## NOTES.

m These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr Meads elegant book on that subject.

n The Venus of Medici.

o The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendour*.

p Highgate and Hampstead.

q In his last sickness.

r Algernon Sidney.

s Anthony-Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

# NOTES.

These are the gaudy supposed to be the first origin of
magic, in Dr Mead's elegant book on that subject.

The Venus of Medici.

The Sir Balme of Richmond, flourishing in Queen Anne's
or Hanover.

Highgate and Hampstead.

In his last illness.

A grown infancy.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

## NOTES OF VOLUME FIRST.

The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

In all the regions of the Torrid zone, the birds, the more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less lustrous than ours.

The river that runs through Siam, on whose banks vast multitudes of white ants called Fireflies, make a brilliant appearance in the night.

The Boa of the Amazons.

Cyclon and Ecroulets, names of particular kinds of hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

Called by Milton the Ocean, being in appearance, as in Homer.

Vallo de Guana, the Sir who sailed round Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

Don Henry, chief son to John I. King of Portugal. Strong grounds to the discovery of new countries and the foundation of all the modern improvements in navigation.